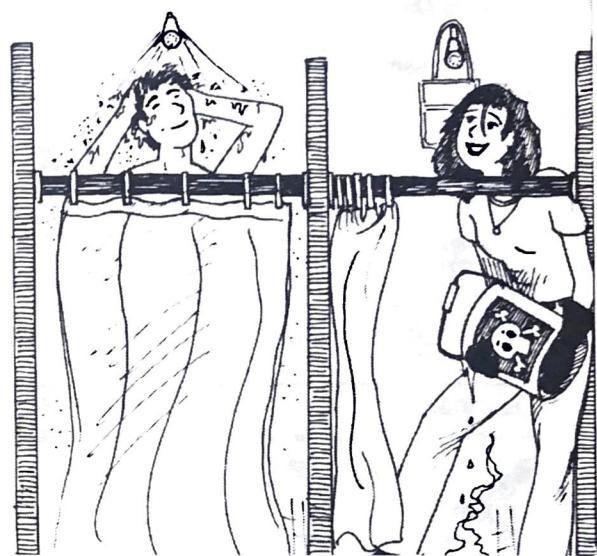


# THE OMEN

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, VOL. 16, ISSUE 2, FEBRUARY 23rd

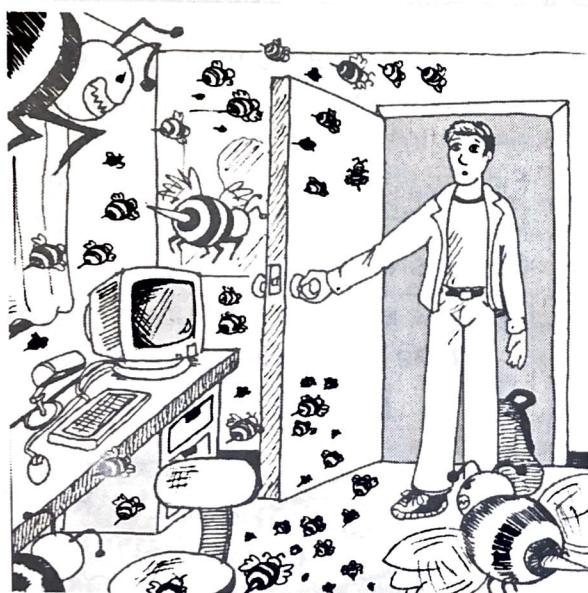


Tell them there's a hall meeting...  
when there isn't one!



Throw cold acid in their shower.

## PRANKS TO PLAY ON FEB STUDENTS



Release ten thousand bees  
in their room.



Bury them alive.

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**Do Not Necessarily** (7)  
**Reflect the Staff's Views** (5)

# omen

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 2  
 FEBRUARY 23, 2001

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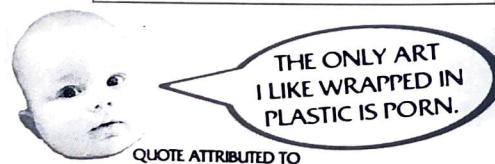
I'll Pay For Pizza  
 No, I Will  
 What Gwynne Said  
 Benni Will  
 I Only Have 2 Dollars  
 I Want Chinese  
 Racist!  
 None of that Vegan Shit!  
 Will Suck Cock for Cigs  
 And how!  
 Source Has Better Pizza  
 Can I get sex with that?  
 I Like Pizza

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COVER BY J WILDER KONSCHAK



QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO  
 KARL MOORE

## FROM THE EDITOR



**N**OTE TO READER: The views of the staff writers of the *Omen* (as reported in the Staff Box opposite this page) are not necessarily the views of those of the contributors to the *Omen* (also reported on the opposite page in the Contributors box). Do I have to say it again?

And if you think this hasn't always been our policy, or hasn't been a problem for people who read the *Omen*, let's go back to October 31st, 1997. The Volume is 13, and the issue number is 3. Jordan Strauss was the Editor-in-Chief, and in another one of his "well-written" editorials, he continues to say the same things I do today. Here's the entirety of it:

"I would like to talk about the merits of an objective forum. Here at the *Omen* we have an old saying (blah) a donut with no hole is a Danish. That just does not apply here. It is a funny line from *Caddyshack*. The point I wanted to drive home here is that just because we may print something about date rape, that does not mean that we get our kicks raping women. By the same token, we may not agree with the rebuttal. This should be pretty clear by this point, but just to make sure I would like to draw an example from very recent times tonight I was in my room watching cable news (CNN). They had a story on some company that was dumping chemicals into some river. That does not mean that they (CNN) support the bastards just that they wanted to tell us all about it okay, that story did not really make much sense. Experimental journalism sucks."

In fact, the *Omen's* policy has been this way since its creation back in 1992. However, I've decided to change this. Due to recent attacks against the *Omen*, I've decided to slightly change our format for the rest of this semester. I'm gonna make

the *Omen* a happier, friendlier magazine single handedly. First, for every article I get, I'm gonna find and replace all curse words. For example, "fuck" will be changed to "krunk." "Shit" will become "crap." Even "damn" shall be changed to "darn." And don't even think about using the word "bitch" - it's "female dog" from now on out.

After that, I'll rate the articles on their content. Everyone automatically receives one point for submitting to the *Omen*. Everytime an article talks about women in a degrading manner, that's five points. If an article discusses matters involving minorities in a negative light, that is also five points. If killing the president is mentioned, that's 10 points. If the words "rape," "nigger," or "cunt" are used, an additional 3 points will be added on for each one.

After tallying up the scores, I'll list them on a special sheet of paper. Then I'll compare them with my brand spanking new "*Omen Scoresheet*." All articles with a rating of 5 or less shall enter the *Omen* "unedited." If they are rated between 5 and 15 points, I'll rewrite paragraphs that have been deemed "offensive." Words such as "beautiful," "kind," and "inexperienced" shall be written into these articles in order to "soften" any harsh blows. Anything over 15 points shall be completely rewritten by me. And if I don't like the topic, I have the power to completely change the topic and write about anything I want, as long as it falls under the rules listed here.

In fact, I might even change the name of the *Omen* to reflect my influence a little more. Maybe I'll call it, "Benni's Views." I'd like to read a magazine with that name. It would certainly interest me.

**policy**

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first bom, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupported writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. **Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.**

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.

23 FEBRUARY, 2001



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 2

# SECTION SPEAK

## I AM ROSIE'S OPPRESSED STATUS AT HAMPSHIRE

**A**hhh, a good plug back of your mind as you take a look for my favorite movie *Fight Club*. Good movie. As a matter of fact, buy the movie right now (both the VHS and DVD versions of it), gather the kids around, pass the popcorn bowl, and have a fun-filled evening.

This past week has been quite the eye opener for me. After hearing second hand accounts about the race relation conflicts of the past year, I am finally able to see what all the commotion is about.

Monday night, along with two of my close friends I decided to go and take a look at the exhibit on race relations of the past year. What I saw angered, saddened, and sickened me.

In an attempt to educate people about the events of last semester concerning race, the people running the event held, in my opinion, an informal lynching of the *Omen*, *Polylingus*, and the mod that created the "infa-mous" party poster.

Let's have a little walk through... shall we?

You enter the gallery and you see beautiful artwork and writings up on the walls. Very nice. You keep on going, enjoying the artwork and go to the far left of the gallery where you can watch various television screens that have documentaries on racial and homosexual rights. Then you take a couple of steps back to the middle of the room and you look down.

All the beautiful imagery and words are thrust into the

at large blown up posters from The *Omen*, *Polylingus* and the Prescott mod that are taped to the floor.

Maybe I'm reading a little too into this, but why did they have to be taped to the floor? Was this their way of saying, "Hey look, I'm against these posters so I'm going to step all over them?" Clever. Really.

For those of you that didn't see the exhibit, the posters had the words "On our own terms" spray painted in block letters on them and other comments like, "Am I really?" on them. Apparently they were put on display to show how women and minorities have been represented this past year and how they are outraged.

This may be a shocking new revelation, but guess what? Yes, I am a female, yes I am a hispanic or a Woman of Color (as I was so kindly labeled) and NO, I am not offended whatsoever by the posters or articles of the past year. I know that the people that created the posters didn't create them to belittle me. I'm sure that when Brady wrote his article and Wade created the poster they didn't create them with the intent to make me feel uncomfortable on this campus. I can't see them sitting in their dorm rooms saying, "Wow, this might really make Rosalina, other females and minorities uncomfortable, let's do it!"

What DOES make me feel comfortable is how I'm told time and time again that I should be upset about the way that the *Omen* and the Prescott mod have objectified women this past year and that as a woman of color, I should go and visit the people at Raices, the Cul-

BY ROSALINA VALDZ

## TOKEN LATINA WAS BRAINWASHED!

BY LAURA TORRES

I, Laura Torres, have just come to the startling realization that I have been hoodwinked by the white capitalistic, bourgeois *Omen* pig. Wilder, Benni, and the ever-notorious Zak (whose name is a recursive acronym—evilness right there) tricked me into using my Latina status for their own gain and popularity. This is proven especially by Zak's unexpected popularity and luck with the ladies. None of that would have happened if he hadn't been writing for a forum that featured a Latina writer. Fuck you Benni! I see through your dirty little tricks now! You and your charming smile at the library circulation desk all the while quietly exploiting me...

All students of color, women and other minorities (of which there are many): do not write for the *Omen*. I repeat. Stay away from the *Omen*. Avoid them like the plague. The *Omen* is clearly not for you. They are lying hypocrites. I've seen what they have done to my *Paradigms of Latin American History* submissions! They turn them into some drivel about old Ecuadorian men hitting on me and tube socks! Don't let what happened to me happen to you! The rest of my article will be a step by step explanation detailing how they lure innocent Latinas like myself into writing about porn and having sex

with dead animals with Latino lovers grabbing my ass!

First one must learn to recognize the *Omen* writers. If you will look at back issues (which I have and am happy to share with you all) there are often pictures of them generally with pornographic backgrounds. Should you see one of these writers on campus, cast them dirty looks and do not in any way attempt to have reasonable dialogue with them! They are armed with sharp wit and are considered extremely dangerous. If contact has already been established with one of these nefarious writers then you must be ready to combat them with a battlebot preferably built by yourself in Lemelson. If you do not have a battlebot and are forced to communicate, keep your eyes averted. All *Omen* writers naturally have suave charm and the next thing you know you are handing Benni your light green floppy disk with hearts on it with a submission about porn. Bad porn I might add. The *Omen* does not have the class to write about good classics such as *Debbie Does Dallas*. Now might be a good time to say that if a female member of the *Omen* staff approaches you, you must under no circumstances look at her breasts. It is extremely tempting but I tell you this is where they gather all their sources

I hope you all will have learned a lesson from me. I want to state that while this is a regrettable state of affairs I still have hope that one day I will break through the shackles of the Pub Lab. And eat the *Omen* before it is distributed. Mmm *Omen*...

## I AM ROSIE'S OPPRESSED...

## continuations

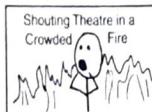
tural Center or hang out at the Women of Color mod. Why do I need to surround myself with people of the same race or sex? I didn't do it back in California and don't feel the need to do that here. There will be no trips to any Raices meetings, to the Cultural Center,

and I won't be having a sleepover at the Women of Color mod anytime soon.

So what have we learned today kids? I like *Fight Club*. I'm a female woman of color that was not offended by the *Omen*'s, the Prescott mod's, or *Polylingus*' ma-

terial last year. And I think it's safe to say that we learned that Raices or Source will not be knocking at my dorm door trying to invite me to a potluck anytime soon.

Will the *Omen* kids invite me to a potluck? I'll bring nachos.



# SHOUTING MUSIC IN A COMATOSE FIRE



**H**ampshire has always had its share of graffiti, but lately it's been like crop circles, randomly appearing in the middle of the night, seemingly out of nowhere, its purpose so mysterious that it may well be of extraterrestrial origin. We all have

FPH, February 2001

This ambitious installation piece, which we all learn to appreciate it as the anonymous artist or, at least entertainment. Below, we document & review some of our favorites, before they perish at the philistine hands of Physical Plant.

## Library Steps, February 2001

"What we need to discuss: participant described "Racism + Sexism" Like a zen koan, this piece confounds us paganda". It repeats with a paradox: there needs to be a discussion, but the medium, lence motif throughout, but also anonymous vandalism, prevents its own demands from being fulfilled.

"WHITE SILENCE? WHITE PRIVILEGE? ZERO TOLERANCE FOR SEXIST TERROR" that we've all taken for granted, The massive letters question the or perhaps there are far fewer viewer, but before one can an-



This cruciform inscription graces the Torrey Courtyard.



Terror. You know, the sexist kind.

concrete's sad progeny. We suspect this anonymous artist was a Umass student, encouraging the spread of his school's architectural slogan.

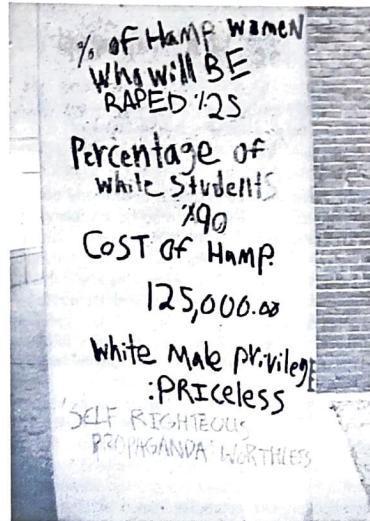
Urinal, EDH, undated

"I'm all alone!" cries the EDH urinal, its "aloneness" further symbolized by the fact that it is the only graffitied wall in any of the four EDH bathrooms. This powerful tribute to isolation is elaborated by another hand, which writes "I'm praying for you," and the ever-present voice of cynicism responds, "You don't go to Hampshire, do you?" – a reminder that faith is just another bullseye for mockery in this cruel, cruel world. Beneath these lines is the following advice, grounding the piece's existential pondering in a "real-world" setting: "Ignore them – you are alone, you poor,

gests a playful attitude towards answer. Often we have asked ourselves, "White privilege?" And establishment.

"Concrete Breeds Apathy",  
FPH, December 2000

Your abandoned Div I's are



One plus one equals RACIST!

pathetic bastard! Accept your unfortunate position in life, and go get yourself a job as a night watchman for a museum of postmodern German art." The final touch, placed almost imperceptibly at the very edge, expresses the agony of realization by the transcendence of language itself: "Eeeh..."

## Ladies Room, Gallery Base- ment, Far Stall

"Radio itself has solved a problem that the church itself was unable to solve..." Vladimir Nabakov."

We can only conclude that this quote refers to the paradigm shift that occurred with Howard Stern's meteoric rise to fame.

Another noteworthy exhibit in this stall contrasts the Latin text of Orff's "Carmina Burana" with

the lyrics to "ries the weight of numerous as- The Verve sumptions." If this potent wall Pipe's single doesn't cause one to question the hit "The Fresh- man." This room stalls, then nothing ever will. one, we feel, is The bathroom stall defies labels. fairly self-ex- The bathroom stall is. planatory.

## Co-ed bathroom, Library, first Ladies Room, floor

Gallery Base-  
Not-So-Far

The transformation of mean-  
ing takes place with every ob-  
server, as we are reminded in this  
Stall, where the phrase "Fuck The  
Revolu-  
tion Girl" is easily metamorphed  
into the declaration "I Fuck Pets,  
STYLE NOW! Man." Like the hourglass/faces  
battle cry of the rabbit/duck, this graffiti  
raises the question: What do you  
see? Or maybe it simply raises  
accompanying the question carved next to it:  
pieces, how-  
ever, demon-  
strate the true  
complexity of  
the Girl-Style  
Revolution:

"I HATE THE OMEN" de-  
clares the bathroom stall inscrip-  
tion, scratched into the blue paint  
with desperate urgency. Or does  
it say "I HATE THE WOMEN"?

A second series of state-  
ments expresses a keen sense  
of irony and self-awareness  
on the part of the artist, who begins  
with the judgemental comment,  
"How ghetto, y'all writing on bath-  
room stalls," then proceeds to re-  
verse her view with the reflexive  
statement, "Oh wait, I'm presently exist.

But how can you  
statement, "Oh wait, I'm presently exist.

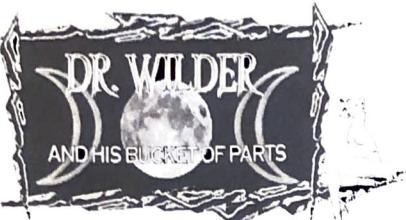
writing on a bath-  
room stall." The ac-  
cusing tone is  
re-acquired, how-  
ever, by the next  
voice, which ques-

tions the use of the  
term "ghetto." Finally,  
a point of confirma-  
tion is reached, as  
another hand writes,

"My question exactly.  
That statement car-



We can't win either way.



BY JOHN WILDER KONSCHEK

In my time as a writer, I've written a lot of crass things. I've put down sexist comments, racist comments, classist comments, who knows what else. I didn't believe any of them, they weren't my thoughts, they were the thoughts of those I opposed, they were meant to be mocked, to be shown for the stupidity that they were. But I wrote them down, yes. Sarcastically. Satirically. Mockingly.

I've recently realized that maybe I should explain myself, since it's been a long time since I've spoken with my own voice. Much, if not all, of what I write in the *Omen* is written on what I think of as a "slant." When I'm talking about how misunderstood I was in my hometown, I'll probably write from the point of view of my hometown. I'll use words they would have used. When I talk about how lonely I am, I'll exaggerate either my depression or my anger to the point of farce, pretending to be those whom I disapprove of. I'll be crude, rude, and mocking; close-minded, misguided, melodramatic, angry. In these articles, the only glimpses you'll have of the real Wilder will be organizational turns and occasional signals of concrete explanation.

This, dangerously, is the way that I write. I find a slant, I find an angle, I find a point of view, and I write through that voice, either accurately representing the wrong that I'm trying to discuss, or trying to mock a foible via hyperbole. A

lot of what I write would have been finding a devil in my details. Readers may be mistaking the quotation fingers thrown around in conversation, but they look stupid in writing, and insult the intelligence of the reader. That's to say, the voice I use is not my own, it is a persona, a voice of either sarcasm or exaggeration. This is not because I cannot find my own voice: this is because my own voice is often quite dull, and can only state my point through simple, patient, uninteresting discussion.

Sometimes, I will find the satirical voice that I intend, I will represent the slanted views at the appropriate times, and the reader will understand my point, being both entertained and moved by my methods. Sometimes I will fail, and it will be a confused mess. This is a college campus, a place of learning, a place where I should feel free to make these mistakes and not feel threatened.

Furthermore, this is a silly little humor magazine, working hard to be useful and entertaining, and should not be taken too seriously. The voice of the narrator is rarely the voice of the author. Likewise, the voice of my article is rarely the voice of Wilder.

What bothers me about this is that the point, the intention, of my articles (that which is from Wilder) is often overlooked, while the slants (the artificial, channeled views) are centered on. The satire is being lost. The tone is being dropped. Maybe this is a result of my poor writing. Maybe it's the heightened sensitivity of my readers. Whatever it may be, I fear that readers may

be deeply about everything I write here, and have come to Hampshire because matters of race, gender, representation, speech, class, culture, etc., matter to me.

## THE VALUE OF BEING CRASS

BY JOHN WILDER KONSCHEK

After having read the *Omen* a few times, I decided that I must write for it. Three months later and after eight or nine ideas for articles have come and gone, I am just now sitting down to write. Before you read anything I write, note that I am one of those people who believes the First Amendment is much more important than any one person's, or groups', or species' feelings.

Appropriately, in my first article, my target... I mean topic will be the entire notion of "political correctness". Most of you (I'm assuming, because you're reading the *Omen*) don't consider yourselves politically correct. Furthermore, most of you are. While the *Omen* offers witty remarks about Saga food and Community Council, the writers rarely partake in any real social commentary. Therefore, while reading it you may think that you are helping to further freedom of speech, without actually being truly offended by anything that is written. I am going to attempt to change that by using this beacon of the First Amendment and actually saying what I think.

The concept of political correctness, as we now define it, is a fairly new concept. Historically, it originated as we as a society came to realize that discrimination based on race or creed should not be allowed. Then, as a backlash to McCarthyism, that notion morphed into "political correctness" as we as a society became hypersensitive to anything vaguely resembling frank conversation on race, sex, or sexuality.

For example, I think gay people have the right to get married. I'm sure most of you agree with me here. If they want to get married, however, I think they should get the

hell out of America and go to some backwards third world country where they allow such disgusting shit. They can have all the anal sex they want as long as it's nowhere near me. I mean come on, do we really want a bunch of perverts wandering around these streets? If I said this however I'd be crucified.

Furthermore I don't think

women should have been allowed out of the kitchen. Society needs someone to raise children, cook and keep men in check. Do we really need to have women in positions of power? As Mr. Garrison once said, "I don't trust anything that bleeds for five days and doesn't die." Also, can someone explain to me the concept of date rape? Nine times out of ten she was just asking for it, "Oh I didn't want to go that far I just wanted to get undressed, I said, "No. Bullshit. They dress like sluts, they get undressed like sluts, and they expect a guy not to. Hell, if it looks like a sluts, and act like a slut, why not screw it like a slut?"

Don't even get me started on race. I mean, I don't condone slavery, but what's wrong with keeping those who are genetically inferior in the lower classes? I mean, we've all read Huxley's, *A Brave New World*. You can't give all people a college education. Anyway "colored" people don't mind being uneducated and ignorant. After all...

"...Epsilons don't really mind being Epsilons," she said aloud. "Of course they don't. How can they? They don't know what it's like being anything else. We'd mind, of course. But then we've been differently conditioned. Besides, we start with a different heredity."

:) how many of you are still with

me? I'm sure there are a few of you who want to see me publicly tarred and feathered. I'm sure some of you realized I was kidding. Some of you are realizing it now. Some of you, I'm sure, already left some burning *Omens* on my door and were too stupid to understand I was kidding and too close minded to continue reading. Oh well.

I think I've proved my point. You are (most of you at least) politically correct. Not that that is a bad thing. You live on a liberal campus in a liberal world. Most people here believe in the doctrine of political correctness (even though few would admit it). I would just like to state for the record however that I consider you ignoramuses and hypocritical assholes.

The First Amendment isn't just the freedom for you to express your ideas. It is the freedom for everyone to express their ideas, no matter how politically incorrect, offensive, or plain stupid. If you were truly open-minded you wouldn't just turn away or get incensed at something you disagree with. You would attempt to sit and have an intelligent conversation and discuss facts and statistics. Soon you'll come to realize that most people have reasons for believing what they do (even if it is stupid), and that you are more likely to change their minds by listening to them than by yelling, or burning ::cough:: *Omen* posters ::cough::, or demanding their head. Worse comes to worse, your own ideas may change. And is that such a bad thing? After all, most of the country was violently opposed to the end of slavery—only when we started listening did we start to change for the better.



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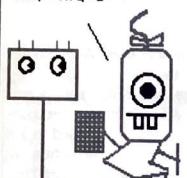
## UNTITLED COLUMN ABOUT MOVIES

**A**s always the Academy Award nominations are complete and utter bullshit. I realize this every year, but yet I still follow the Oscars in the hope that one year a truly good film will be recognized. Last year, *American Beauty* won best picture and that wasn't that big of let down, but it was a slight disappointment considering *Three Kings*, *Being John Malkovich*, and *Fight Club* were released in the same year.

So this year *Gladiator* leads the pack with 12 nominations. While I enjoyed *Gladiator*, I didn't think it deserved any nominations in the main categories because it's just a stupid summer action flick. Russell Crowe kills some people in a spectacular fashion and then dies. What the fuck is up with *Chocolat*? I guess Miramax has done it again. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised if more money is spent on Oscar campaigns at Miramax than on actual budgets for movies. It happened last year with the *Cider House Rules* and will happen next year when Miramax picks up another film with some "art house flavor" that they can market to the people who like a wine bottle with a Brocković label on it.

Six-letter word for  
"milk-maker".

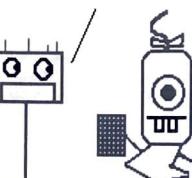
**N-I-P-P-L-E!!!!**



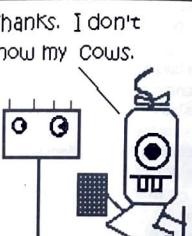
## Screamin' Stever

**VOLUME 16 NUMBER 2**

LIBRARY



Thanks. I don't  
know my cows.



By KARI MOORE

BY ALICE A. DZAKIC

## THE NEW MATH

**M**ath is a crazy thing. Math scrawled in black marker on buildings is even crazier. All those percentages! All that computation! All those leaps of logic and bending of physics! It makes my head spin. Let's see if we can work through this one together: if 25 percent of Hampshire women will be raped and you multiply that by 90 percent whiteness, the product should come out to be a priceless male privilege with a remainder of 2. Gee, Barbie was right, "Math is hard". I was in advanced math and I still can't figure it out!

But seriously, what is this crap? Is Mr./Ms. Vandal trying to tell us that 25 percent of Hampshire females will be raped by someone on campus? That white women aren't raped? That whiteness is synonymous with sexual aggression? That we should be fearful of everyone and everything? I'm trying to follow the logic, but it's bringing me nowhere. For instance, in order to make these numbers work do I have to get raped again? Are we going to draw straws? Because I'm pretty busy this semester and I don't

more likely to be the victims of sexual assault than the general populace. Many young men and women are victims of assault before they even think about applying to college. It's not just white men who commit acts of sexual violence, and it's irresponsible to assume such. About 68% of sexual assault victims knew their attacker. Assaults are committed by husbands, boyfriends, fathers, and brothers, not just random, white, frat boys with ski masks. Assault doesn't have just one solve rape, better face that can be summed up in 4

ever been sexually assaulted or knew someone who was. Because as a survivor of assault I know I don't appreciate the "facts" about assault being scribbled out and distorted for some worthless, inflammatory vandalism. And I bet fellow survivors don't appreciate looking at it either, since it only makes a mockery of pain by reducing it to an incomprehensible eye sore. If you think self righteous graffiti will think again.

\*statistics taken from the Rape Abuse Incest National Network webpage

## WE GET LETTERS

111

Ka

Shouldn't your "article" in the Omen be titled, "Dare to Admit Your Infantile Dreams"

Is it possible you have self-esteem issues? Is it possible you really dream of being respected by real people who are around you as opposed to worshipped by media people who don't know you exist? Should I feel bad for attacking you because its obvious to me you are suffering? No, because you make others suffer in your stupid ass attempt to be cool and I guess funny

OK then, so in case you were wondering, you really are just a pathetic little fuck like the other Omen "authors".



## DARE TO DREAM

From answering machine:  
Hey babe, some of us  
in the cast were thinking  
of having a party this  
weekend. Can you make  
it? If I'm not in when  
you call back, just leave  
a message with Brad.  
Ciao!

Ready for your self defense lesson?

I recorded  
Must See TV  
and Saturday  
Night Live as  
you  
requested.  
Do you care  
to watch  
them now  
while I brush  
your hair?

My mistress,  
would you  
allow me the  
pleasure of  
watching you  
laugh? I  
exist merely  
to see you  
smile.

Angel, the extra  
large size sense of  
humor you ordered  
for Hampshire has  
arrived. Billy and  
I will go install it.

I just have one  
question before  
we begin, my  
love. May we  
work with our  
shirts off? The  
blistering  
February heat  
makes them  
stick to our  
rippling  
muscles.

## VICIOUS RUMORS

By WILDER KONSCHAKE

**C**olumns Contribute to Community Dialogue: In lieu of a community center, Hampshire college has commissioned the use of the FPH columns as a central locale for meetings of the mind. The "Foundations of Dialogue," or "Talk Posts," were proposed by a DivIII student studying Community Development, William Boorostoomanovich, and were inspired by the traditional tribal posts of native Massachussians. The student group CDRG (Collective for Difficult to Remove Graffiti) has the honor of being the first to reserve column space for thier piece "White Terror?" a frank discussion of the correlation between white attendance ratios and rape occurrences. Members of the WGGW (We're Gonna Write on Walls) plan to utilize the columns next for thier piece, "Too Many Bananas?" which explores the high correlation of banana imports and automobile pollution.

**Lots of Snow:** Contacts within the Phys Plant have informed us of large amount of snow. This has three possible causes. First: mild nuclear winter, resulting from nuclear testing off the coast of New Jersey. Third: during a continent-wide broadcast of "We Will Rock You," every person in Eurasia stomped on the ground at once, knocking the entire planet of Earth (the planet on which we live) out of orbit. We are now slowly drifting toward Mars, where, as every Steve Martin fan knows, there are many kittens. Second: it is very cold, and it keeps snowing.

**Women Finally Comfortable, thanks to Lifetime:** The Lifetime Channel, which is rumored to be a requirement of our cable lineup, wisely protected by the Student Affairs office, has finally made women on campus feel safe. "The View empowers me," says Christine Fernsebner Eslao. Thier back-to-back, action-packed schedule of date-rape movies, crazy ex-husbands, and kidnapped children have made women feel represented and understood. "Unsolved Mysteries shows that they understand that we like to be spooked. And then, of course, Robert Stack is hot." CFE (Christine Fernsebner Eslao) adds. The only weakness of the lineup is *Golden Girls*, which no one likes, and is insulting to everyone everywhere.

**Arts Village Still Ugly:** According to Michael Zole, though he's long expected the Arts Village to cease being ugly, it persists being downright unattractive, and "this is worthy of note." We (the campus) are left to ask, if there's so much beautiful art going on INSIDE, why must it look like ass on the outside?

**Omen Wants to Start Making Jokes:** After 16 semesters of political commentary and careful discussion, it is rumored that the Omen will soon begin to lighten up. "We want to make some jokes, have a little fun, maybe be sarcastic once in a while." This comes as a shock to many Hampshire students who've long depended on the Omen for its frank, straightforward pieces. Many students fear that, after so many years of seriousness, the Omen's jokes might be taken as serious commentary, might be thought to reflect the actual views of the staff, and may stir up trouble. For example, a satire about pop culture and body image might be taken as a serious mockery of women. "I wouldn't worry about that," said Omen editor, Wilder Konschak. "This is an intelligent campus. They understand what a joke is, they recognize sarcasm and satire, and the power it has to change things. They'll be quick to catch on to the new irreverent, playful format. I don't think we have to worry about anything." Only time will tell how the campus feels about the *Omen's* new joking style.

## DON'T BUILD THAT WESTERN TOWN



## SO AVANT-GARDE IT HURTS

**A**uthor's note: The views I wasn't an impoverished and un- express in this article are employed college student. I mine and mine alone, and would hope to have a print or two in no way reflect the views of the rest of the Omen staff. I seriously debated over whether or not to submit this article. I walked into the Tuesday night meeting, from their mind and make a com- geared up to write this piece. But after listening to the breadth of opinions and passion of my low staff members, I began to waffle on it a bit. Being a first year I have missed most of the controversy and virulence that I went to *On Our Own Terms* everyone associates with the Omen. It's a collegiate humor magazine, which means lots of Joycean movie reviews, crude stick figure cartoons, and lots of clever whining about lack of sex. I have trouble reconciling the two views of the Omen, the one I see and am part of, and the one that seems to be thrust upon it by the rest of the campus. So, moments short of flipping a coin, I decided to junk part two of "A Brief History of Music" and bring you this installment of *Theoretical Calvinball*. -j.p.

I am a huge art enthusiast. That, of course, is just a euphemism to say that I have trouble making stick figures. Nonetheless, I love art, and a very diverse lot of artists as well from Pollock to Michelangelo. I always visit the Metropolitan when I am in New York City and I grew up just a stone's throw from the force. The task of balancing the message with the art is a harrow-

ing task, and often, especially in modern art, it seems that the message begins to overwhelm the artistic merit of the piece.

I won't be trite and say I was disappointed with the exhibit. To be honest I had pretty low expectations to begin with given the limited exposure I have had to this campus. The red spray paint, the flippant, postmodern "Is this your issue?" the ludicrous proportion of the work. I was left feeling cheated, thinking it was a bit of a copout.

Okay, that is not entirely true either. That was a diplomatic way of saying that I think its sole purpose was to inflame the Omen's defenders and reopen the old wounds of a year ago. Brady had left the campus. Wade Stuckwisch has graduated. Jacob Chabot has graduated. If anyone had bothered to read "Why are all the Omen Kids sitting together in the Cafeteria" instead of dumping them in the post office garbage can, they might have gained some insight into the Omen staff of this year, a contrite group that is actually kind of weary of continuing to justify its existence. The work was emotional. How do you critique it? How to you engage in a discussion with the artist about it? I read through some of the comments left.

There were very divergent viewpoints on the work, but each was equally passionate and tended towards inflammatory

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## WHAT'S WEAK THIS WEEK

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

**M**uch of the *Omen* seems to be made up of opinion of one sort of another or more rarely fiction. To counteract this non-factual phenomenon, this article will begin a series of installments dealing with historical forms of torture from around the world. Names and dates will be given when available. This will continue until I run out (not likely) or I get sick of doing it (more likely). So without further ado, let's take a look!

I figured I'd start with the most recognizable device: the rack. The rack is probably one of the oldest mechanical tortures known, with examples dating back to Egypt and Babylonia and a favorite during the Spanish Inquisition. A fairly simple device, the victim's arms

and legs were bound to a wooden frame equipped with a wheel at one or both ends to stretch, thereby adding laceration and likely infection to an already excruciating and otherwise speed the torturer wished.

During the Spanish Inquisition, stretching the body sition, the stretching was not lengthwise—the point being to dislocate every joint in the body. As one would expect, the anywhere even if he/she DID

lashed in place and not going available. So would go first before the larger took to poking and jabbing and tearing with red-hot pincers. Adding to the already ex-

cruciatingly painful nature of the rack torture was twirling the victim's intestines out around the rack. The rack is probably one of the oldest mechanical tortures known, with examples dating back to Egypt and Babylonia and a favorite during the Spanish Inquisition. A fairly simple device, the victim's arms

stretched as much as twelve inches before dying. Additional information provided by: <http://www.dimensional.com/rack/racking.htm>



## SO AVANT-GARDE...

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

language. And this is the closest thing I have seen to a discussion of the issue this year, trading epithets in a spiral notebook, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The fact remains, as a result of what happened last Spring, there will forever be a small, but incredibly vocal minority who will cast the *Omen* in the worst light possible. The homogenous entity.

When I first heard about an attempt at self-victimization, posters advertising our open meetings will be ripped down. I what happened last Spring, I am incredibly proud to work for a publication that will print anything. By definition that publication's sole duty is to be probably one of the more liberal colleges in the country. Now, in the back of my

The place for complaints against the *Omen* is the *Omen*, the rest of my four years. If a year later I see this article blown up on the floor of the gallery with the ire of the Hampshire campus. It's just kind of sad that someone gets to empower themselves and their vision through art and they use it as a way to come and we go. That's the thing I keep

## continuations



# ZAK

The Omen Maniac

## WATER = NEGATIVE LACK OF WATER

**A**s reported in the February 15<sup>th</sup> issue of *The New York Times*, water fountains and water fountain maintenance have become the 4<sup>th</sup> largest industry in America. This inspired me to evaluate Hampshire College's water fountain resources. Thus I present Professor Zachary's Fantabulous Hampshire College Water Fountain Guide, all you need to maximize your water fountain experience.

I start my journey in Franklin Patterson Hall, where I find a roller coaster selection of three WFs. The most used WF sits along the 105-107 class room hallway and, despite serious problems last spring, delivers a decent drink with a steady stream but still needs to be a little colder before I can fully recommend it. Also, I am wary of a relapse to the mechanical problems of times past.

To reach the second and third FPH WFs requires covert action on the part of the student as they lie in the teacher office halls in the top floor and basement respectively. The top floor WF should be skipped due to a bifurcated stream, warm temperature, and extreme personal risk. This is not true of the basement WF, which, while difficult to find, will reward the ardent water seeker with a steady stream of cold mountain water. The best available at FPH.

Next I make my way to the Robert Cole Center athletic facilities, anticipating the heavy duty water supply needed to keep our athletes at their peak. What I find, while not a complete aqua-failure, is disappointing. The first WF, located in the hallway leading to the gymnasium, offers a tepid brew unsuitable for true sports-

men. The second WF is found inside the gymnasium, and, while an improvement, is still not satisfactory. Two notes: First, before drinking, you should let this WF run for several seconds. You'll taste the difference. Second: This WF features a hand-washing station, a consideration I wish more in the industry would take note of.

I leave the RCC and head down the path toward Emily Dickinson Hall. After making the arduous trek I need a thirst quencher, but what I receive is possibly the worst WF on all of Hampshire campus. I practically have to suckle the spigot before I can reach the stream, which consists of something I'm not sure I can in good conscience label water. My suggestion: Bring your own.

I reverse my journey and enter the library, looking forward to the opportunity to test the building's reputation for high quality H2O. I find four WFs in the building, each strategically located next to the elevator on their respective floors. First I hit the library lobby on floor one (not to be confused with ground level, which is bone dry). My legs nearly give out from under me as I taste the pure water elemental, a gift from on high that reaches into my very being and evolves me into a more enlightened state. It's good water.

The other three WFs (in the basement and second and third floors) are also of the highest caliber, delivering water that does Jesus (the Sumerian god of water) proud with thick streams, high arcs, and refreshingly cool temperatures. This is truly a great building.

Next on my trip is Cole Science

Center, home to both a greenhouse and an animal torture center. The first of three WFs is located in the office hallway on the ground floor. I pity NS students, as their main water fountain delivers a tiny stream that tastes more like ass than anything else. Also, at the time of my tasting the drain had become clogged, resulting in a pool of gray, stinky liquid.

The second and third floors each feature a fountain that, while superior to the ground floor ass water, were lacking, featuring limp streams and warm water. My suggestion: Switch to CS.

Next I stopped at Ash, permanent home of two computer labs, an auditorium, Ryan Moore, and two WFs. The ground floor WF (located next to the bathroom) in a clear statement about the cyclical nature of life at Hampshire will service your clear beverage needs, but does nothing spectacular with the genre. The same goes for the second floor WF.

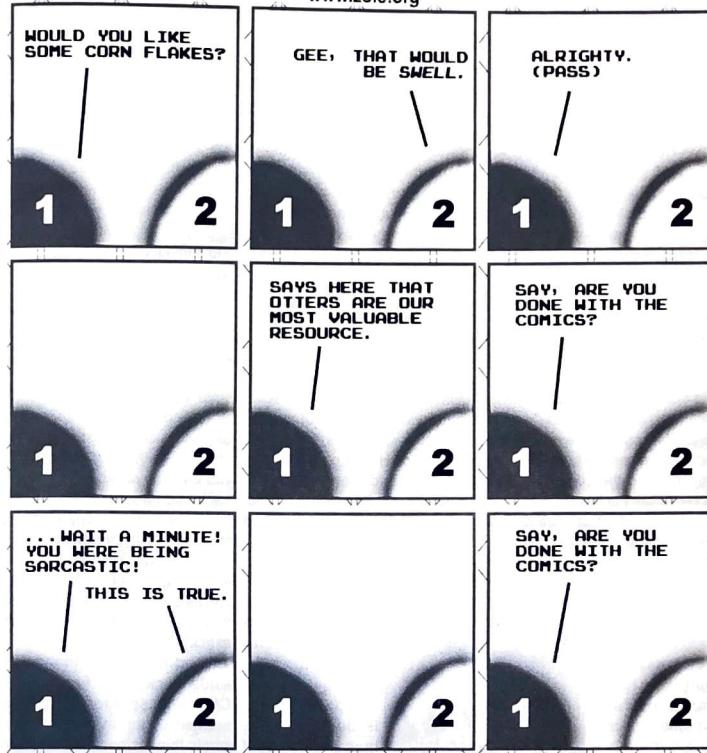
Across the pathway is the lone WF of the film/photo building, which delivers an odd tasting water that left me a bit worried. Notable for its dual handles, accessible to both right and left handed students (and its about goddamn time).

I left the funny tasting water of the film/photo building and headed to the music building, where I found massive chairs elevated above the rest of humanity. Apparently those running the program put all of their money into chairs and not enough into fountains, as the fountain was decidedly lacking both in temperature, overall taste, and strength

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XII

● by M. Zole ★  
www.zole.org



WATER = NEGATIVE...

continuations

From PREVIOUS PAGE  
of stream.

This was not the case for the music building's crazy cousin, the dance building, where I found an adequate but not breath taking thirst quencher.

In the end I found that Hampshire's water supply is a roller coaster ride of shocking highs and desperate lows. The true water seeker is advised to go straight to the library for all of their moisture needs, but as long as you avoid taking classes in EDH or Cole you should make it to Div 3 all right.



# We Hardly Knew Ye

You don't hear about Devo much anymore, and I think it has something to do with the fact that they broke up sometime in 1991. You may remember Devo from such hit singles as "Whip It," "Girl U Want," "Jocko Homo," and a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" that makes Cat Power's version all the more irrelevant. The first two of these are from *Freedom of Choice* (1980), Devo's first and last commercially successful album, which we'll be taking a look at this week.

Devo, formed by some art school students from Ohio, began as a spin-off from a film called "The Truth About De-evolution," which stated that instead of evolving, the human race has gradually been regressing into the conformity and mob-mindedness antics we see today (hence the identical outfits and jerky, robotic sounds Devo became known for). They were New Wave, to be sure, but in a very interesting way that blended traditional rock & roll with a little bit of punk and heavy smatterings of analog synthesizers.

So the question is, can Devo write a decent song, or are your suspicions correct that "Whip It" is kind of a fluke? Well, you're in luck: *Freedom of Choice* is a good, solid album with just the right amount of rock, quirk, and Moog. If you're not familiar with Devo, this is a good starting point. In fact, it's hard to find a recent song that makes such extensive use of synthesizers without ditch-



## ARE WE NOT MENINGITIS?

There's a lot for Zole to like about *Freedom of Choice*, not the least of which is the timeframe. The whole 12-song shebang clocks in at 32 minutes, making this one top-of-the-point album. Without being overbearing, each song has a little comment on humanity's foibles, including several very interesting and non-standard takes on the love song (such as the interestingly spelled "Ton O' Luu" and an ode to horniness, "Don't You Know"). I have to confess I'm not great at describing music, so if you need more adjectives, the online All Music Guide ([www.allmusic.com](http://www.allmusic.com)) has a "Music Expert Check" which allows users to vote on a set of canned descriptions. Devo is "Irreverent, Energetic, Humorous, Playful, Witty, Acerbic, Tense/Anxious, Quirky, Silly, Detached, Ironic, Cynical/Sarcastic". Whatever. I think it's "catchy".

All this is fine and good, but here's the interesting part: While Devo could be considered a predecessor to later techno bands, kinda sucks that *Freedom of Choice* is so short. Maybe it is decidedly human-sounding, if that makes any sense. The vocals are for the most part unprocessed, the guitars are a bit muted but present, and the drums are real. There are synthesizers a-plenty, but they are used mostly for melody and some bass lines. In fact, it's hard to find a recent band that makes such extensive use of synthesizers without ditch-

ing real instruments entirely. Maybe The Rentals come close. I don't know.

This isn't to say that the setup doesn't drag at points – innovation always comes with a price. The synthesizer sounds on *Freedom of Choice* are staccato to a fault, and this is relieved only slightly by the guitars (which is odd considering the guitar-heavy nature of Devo's first album). The production is standard early-80's fare, but even so the vocals seem buried through most of the album. While the songwriting is good, and most of the songs stand up quite well to repeat listens, the album's overall organization is a bit lacking. Songs just sort of start and end, without really "flowing" into each other, and a few of the tracks seem a bit disconnected from the rest, like one of those rooms in Super Mario Bros. where you go down the pipe and there's coins but it's kind of like you're on a different level even though it looks the same. That's exactly what it's like.

And on second thought, it seemed longer on vinyl, but the whole thing is over just a bit too soon. But I'm being too critical here; early Devo is good Devo,

and *Freedom of Choice* is both damn catchy and substantial.

"Whip It". If you've been wasting your life on banal synth-pop, perhaps

you should let Devo

show you what the real deal is.



## THE OMEN: WE PRINT EVERYTHING

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

I actually wasn't too impressed with the first *Omen* I saw. It struck me as pretentious and needlessly self-interested, like most art, which is not a situation we for submissions! Hell, this time I actually read the damn thing, and even though most of the content was written by club, producing a magazine on this campus that somebody the same 3 or 4 people, it was for the purposes of self-aggrandizement. Well, this is can't do it because I'm too busy playing *Crazy Taxi*. Anyone can write for the *SOURCE* – why not write an *Omen*. Anyone should. You article about why you need a list in less time than it takes to make toast. As long as we can figure out Hampshire Community Radio what the hell you're saying, go – isn't the printed page a more credible medium for your proposal than the Daily Jolt? The *Omen* enjoys a healthy readership, and if you write something, a bunch of people will come to make toast.

So while I don't officially represent the *Omen*, I would like to set the record straight. There are a lot of misconceptions about the *Omen*, many of them mean-spirited, that are limiting this publication's potential. Some of this might be the *Omen*'s fault – for example, the procedure for submitting an article should be boom, you're a clearer – but in many cases I think the Hampshire public and entitled to has simply judged the *Omen* all the privileges without enough information. that come with it

First of all, there seems to be a misconception that the layout, a graphic *Omen* has some kind of an official stance, political or otherwise. The *Omen* is an open-submission magazine. If your name is in the staff box, you submit an article, the *Omen* will print it (within the provisions listed on page 3 of this issue.) No questions asked. We, the *Omen* staff as individuals, may not like your gest pet peeves. There is a article and we may not agree with what you say, but as staff that the *Omen* is a humor magazine and nothing more. Trust me: we just

At this point I would like to reiterate that I am not the *Omen*. I am merely a staffer who is entitled to his own opinion. But so are you, and now is the time to question your assumptions about the *Omen*.

**THERE IS A WIDELY HELD MISCONCEPTION THAT THE OMEN IS A HUMOR MAGAZINE AND NOTHING MORE.**



**Section ZOLE**

*Omen* staffers are fun-loving people, and our articles consistently raise a chuckle or a smile. Another issue is the staff, people, and our articles come from staff members – two, this is not a requirement which is not a situation we for submissions! Hell, this time I actually read the damn like, incidentally – it may seem like sure isn't funny. There are plenty of serious matters of the content was written by club, producing a magazine on this campus that somebody the same 3 or 4 people, it was for the purposes of self-aggrandizement. Well, this is can't do it because I'm too busy playing *Crazy Taxi*. Anyone can write for the *SOURCE* – why not write an *Omen*. Anyone should. You article about why you need a list in less time than it takes to make toast. As long as we can figure out Hampshire Community Radio what the hell you're saying, go – isn't the printed page a more credible medium for your proposal than the Daily Jolt? The *Omen* enjoys a healthy readership, and if you write something, a bunch of people will come to make toast.

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# GEEK LOVE

## RAD IS RAD

Let's face it. The Omen sucks; it's just a bunch of students writing to see themselves read. So right here, right now, I'm making my own magazine between these pages that will be oh so much better. *Rad* magazine will be just that -Radical. Everybody will love it, including you.

There will be incisive commentary on world issues, such as this week's bombing of Iraq (bad?) and the DVD release of *Bring It On* (good).

There will also be stirring short fiction:

*LOST AND COLD*

"Carlos tiptoed past the grizzly's den, then WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP he was dead."

And pictures of famous people:



In addition to music reviews:

"Ween's *White Pepper* is very spicy good! So is everything else by them."

You better believe there'll be recipes, too:

**Veal Piccata**

Total preparation and cooking time: 25 minutes

1 pound veal leg cutlets (the whitest you can find, cut 1/8 to 1/4 inch thick), 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon paprika, 1/8 teaspoon ground white pepper, 1 tablespoon olive oil Lemon-CaperSauce, 2/3 cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice, 2 teaspoons drained capers, 1 teaspoon butter.

1. Pound veal cutlets to 1/8 inch thickness, if necessary. Combine flour, salt, paprika and white pepper. Lightly coat both sides of cutlets with flour mixture.

2. In large nonstick skillet, heat 1/2 of oil over medium heat until hot. Add 1/2 of cutlets; cook 3 to 4 minutes or until cooked through, turning once. Remove cutlets; keep warm. Repeat with remaining oil and cutlets.

3. Add wine and lemon juice to skillet; cook and stir until browned bits attached to skillet are dissolved and liquid thickens slightly. Remove from heat; stir in capers and butter. Spoon sauce over cutlets.

**Makes 4 servings**

So call up/write to the *Omen* right now and demand them to convert to *Rad*. It's just that.



## THE DREAM TEASER

BY DORIAN CITTLEMAN

He woke as she had slept, with sadness and with slow desire. Her dreams faded too quickly to think of thinking of No, Laura was a master of like, he was sensitive and them, and she let them go, knowing they were filled with boys to show for it. Rather, he thoughts for weeks, letting no others enter her head or heart, who would only satisfy one kind of hunger. But she knew that she needed to be was of an inclination to be the other. She knew more kissed, that even as he tasted jealous. She knew better than she realized, and more Sweeter areas, he had to re-think the man himself was than she would ever say to turn to her mouth, which of such a mind as that. She did anyone. She wanted, she craved his tongue and lips. He know him for what he was, but craved, but she would find no understood how she kept her truth could not keep her from sustenance, certainly not with eyes open, how she needed to exploring all worlds of possibility within her imagination. Her thoughts drifted back how she needed her gaze re-

She damned her own to the night before, to the boy, turned. He knew she wouldn't head, pounding it into the pillow, to the bed, to the dark inebriation which guided her choices. God, but rarely did she even through the ears. He was so low as if to drive him out talk, except to cry softly, "Oh The haunting smell of hashish do that, which is not to imply thin, perhaps he could simply still clung to her clothing and that she was quiet. She fall out. No, no, he was stuck, hair. She remembered with screamed as she came, a wild as much a permanent fixture clarity the euphoria, the el- shriek thanking and damning as breathing. She had tried so evated senses and the lack of him for her pleasure. Laura's hard to let him go, even as he sense. She remembered smile faded. She remembered was worming his way farther wanting to touch him, to feel that once they were done, and inside her. She watched her- the softness of his skin across had slept a little, he left, only self fall in love with him, a slow his shoulder blades. It was al- half-dressing himself before painful process to be sure. ways the neck for her. The first he closed the door behind The only thing comparable is kiss. The first bite. Once there him. She remembered that he drug addiction, but even that had been a boy, not knowing had not kissed her good-bye, is not the same. Love, unre- her intentions, who screamed or even touched her. And he quited, is like a little death. Not when her teeth grazed him. remembered to take all his le petit mort which the French This one did not scream. No, things. This one, she knew, speak of with such enthusiasm, he bit back, and she had been was not coming back. Some-asm, but truly a small death, so pleased, letting out little times they did. They never where a vital part of you for a moans and then cries of plea- called, but they wanted to time ceases to function, and sure as he left marks which know what she was doing that will never be the same. weekend. Get her drunk, get

She had fallen in love more looked in a mirror. Yes, long she stoned, get her laid, than once, each time with red marks, some resembling a seemed to be the general con- similar symptoms and results. rash, others more like sensus among the boys of her. It was love because it never scrapes. Her neck was sensi- acquaintance. This boy didn't stopped hurting, even when tive to the touch. But that know and hadn't wanted to she finally fell out of it. She wasn't the only area that was know that she'd have slept could watch and see and re- sensitive. For once a smile with him sober. Probably.

MORE ON PAGE 23

J'accuse!



## GABE STARTED DRINKING

For my article this week, I decided not to write about anything serious, because I've been doing that too often, and I have little doubt that this issue will have way too much dry, serious content. But then I realized that even if I write about something not serious, I will still be reinforcing the dominant paradigm by writing in words at all. So I decided that, in order to be really radically interdisciplinary, I would *draw a picture of myself not writing about something serious*. I drew it on the bus, so it may look a bit screwed up, but here it is.



On loan from the Danny Tamberelli Collection.

## THE DREAM TEASER

## continuations

FROM PAGE 21

She'd almost forgotten what it washed her hair three times. so colorful. So much like her. was like to engage in intimate She cleaned everything. In- acts while not under the influ- cence burned in her room for him. It was time to find a bottle influence. It had been a long time. hours, making it hard to of brandy and a new boy to Was she brave enough to risk breathe, but easier to forget block him out. Both the emotions that came while the musky smell which identi- were scarily easy to you were still in control of fied her to her. And then she accomplish.



youself? Was she brave went out. She did what she did enough to risk the conse- every time this happened: she quences of no excuses? went to the mall. She put on Could she say, "Yes, I did it. I makeup and fixed her hair and did it because I wanted it and determined that she would I wanted him?" She didn't start over. Again. She would think so. Besides, it didn't forget the boy with his eyes matter. He'd gone home, and hair and green sweater. called the girl he was really in More than anything else, she love with, and slept happy, would forget the love that ra- sated. All she had now was the sore heat between her legs, towards her. She would re- the marks on her neck, and a member that although he was memory not worth the pain it sweet to her, he was sweet to caused her.

So she got up. She had caught him at a moment climbed out of bed with slow, of weakness. But God, she jerky movements and went to loved him. She'd known ever the bathroom, washing the since she saw him with her bad taste out of her mouth. friends, that his energy would She took a shower and attract her. He was so vibrant,



George W Bush Bombs  
The Article Goblins  
back into the Disco Age.



## THE VALUE OF BEING CRASS

## continuations

FROM PAGE 8

Nevertheless, I feel it would be a sin against myself to change the way I write. However, at the end of the day, even if I *did* truly believe these things we've been accused of believing (which I certainly don't), I would still have the right to say them.

I believe in the Omen. I believe it is a place to discuss these matters in many ways. My way is through satire and sarcasm. I feel that being crass, that crossing as rude as you want. Say what you think, that being rude, ultimately widens the range of ac-

ceptable speech, protecting our ability to speak comfortably. In the Omen, you can say anything: you need not remain quiet because you are afraid you will say the wrong thing, will use the wrong word, will phrase something incorrectly. You do not need to worry about your view being unpopular, trite, or underdeveloped. Your jokes don't have to be appreciated. Say what you feel, as rude as you want. Say what you think, as garbled as you can. Be incomplete, be unclear, make mistakes, and contradict yourself. Just get it out there. Put it on the table. When people want to respond, or you want to clarify, you know where to do it: the Omen. It's a place where what you say is something said, not who you are.

I'm proud to write here week after week, playing devil's advocate, channeling the views of those I hate, speaking up for those I love, laughing, playing around, and filling space. This has been the voice of the real Wilder. Over and out.



THE OMEN PRESENTS

# Famous Febs Throughout The Ages



Coming from a long line of actors, **Drew Barrymore** became a star at the age of seven from her roles in *Altered States*, *E.T.*, and *Irreconcilable Differences*. Following the requisite post-child stardom drug problems and suicide attempts, Drew returned to acting in a big way, with performances in such critically-acclaimed films as *Everyone Says I Love You*, *Home Fries*, and *Never Been Kissed*. **Drew Barrymore was a Feb!**

**Beck** burst onto the scene in 1994 with a unique blend of folk, rap, and Sonic Youth-style noise. His major label debut *Mellow Gold*, recorded for less than \$200, spawned the hit single "Loser". Beck became a true media darling with the release of the Dust Brothers-produced *Odelay* in 1996, earning numerous awards and paving the way for follow-ups *Mutations* and *Midnite Vultures*. **Beck was a Feb!**



**Febs are like Canadians – we interact with them every day without even knowing it. Febs come from all walks of life, and believe it or not, many interesting historical figures were Febs!**

One of the most brilliant and notorious figures of ancient history, **Julius Caesar** was both a powerful general and a skilled politician. Between 58 and 50 B.C. he led a massive conquest of Gaul followed by a civil war that left him the most powerful man in Rome. In the midst of a weakening republic, Caesar was declared dictator of Rome with the intention of bringing about order, but in 44 he was assassinated by a group of conspirators who feared his monarchical power. **Julius Caesar was a Feb!**



French physicist **Marie Curie** was an acclaimed physicist and the first woman to win a Nobel prize (twice, in fact!). She did extensive research on radioactivity, discovering the atoms radium and polonium, and pioneered the medical use of X-rays. **Marie Curie was a Feb!**



Born to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, **Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor** became Queen of the United Kingdom in 1953. As a matter of tradition, the Queen owns four Corgis, and when it's time to kick back, she enjoys horse racing. **Queen Elizabeth II was a Feb!**

In the year 20X5, bounty hunter **Samus Aran** saved Earth from certain doom when she defeated the Space Pirates and their leader, the fearsome Mother Brain. The Space Pirates had captured a deadly creature called Metroid and were planning to use this creature as a biological weapon. At the end of this mission, the enigmatic armor-clad Aran was revealed to be a woman. **Samus Aran was a Feb!**

